

# Columbia Democrat.

I have sworn upon the Altar of God, eternal hostility to every form of Tyranny over the Mind of Man.—Thomas Jefferson

## H. WEBB, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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### OFFICE OF THE DEMOCRAT.

SOUTH SIDE OF MAIN, A FEW DOORS BELOW MARKET-STREET.

#### TERMS:

The COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT will be published every Saturday morning, at TWO DOLLARS per annum payable half yearly in advance, or Two Dollars Fifty Cents, if not paid within the year. No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months; nor any discontinuance permitted, until all arrearages are discharged.

ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be conspicuously inserted at One Dollar for the first three insertions, and Twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. A liberal discount made to those who advertise by the year. LETTERS addressed on business, must be post paid.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

### NELLY GRAY.

BY I. ANDERSON SMITH.

Sweet Nelly Gray, how happy wert thou at bright sixteen! How lightly tripped thy tiny feet upon the greensward before thy cottage door; how sweetly sounded thy fresh young voice, as it floated upon the winds in the merry summer time. Thy curly locks, thy rosy cheeks, thy cherry lips—oh happy wert thou, bright young maiden!

How sweet the bud, but how beautiful when its gentle petals open into the blooming flower! A dream of poetry, a vision sent from heaven to gladden and make light the hearts of mortals; to illumine with thy brightening smiles the path of the lonely traveller with the sunshine of joy; to make gay the home of the desolate hearted; to make brighter and lovelier the things of earth!

Life's thornless flowers bloomed in beauty around her path, and bright and beautiful looked the fair off Future. The roseate hue of health was upon her cheeks, delight sparkled in her eyes; her heart was light and happy. Curves rest upon the head of him who could cast a blight upon the joy of such a being? Talk not to me of Circe's dark eyed daughters, of peerless beauty in the courts of haughty England, but give me the lowly, meek and gentle girl, whose soul is filled with tenderness to all earth's children, one upon whom the mantle of virtue sits in un fading brightness and beauty. The love of such a being is worth tenfold the treasures of Golconda's mines—it is a pearl of price that angles watch and guard with jealousy.

Early in the spring time of '37, Nelly (all loved to call her by that name) plighted her faith to Frank Marshal—the son of a wealthy importer, whose country seat was at Rose Valley, the birth place of charming Nelly Gray. She was looked upon by Frank's sister as a simple village girl, one only fit for making butter, and in no wise worthy of 'keeping company' with a man who lived without soiling his hands, & had high expectations of coming into possession of a handsome property, when the old churchyard bell should toll for his father; Hiram Marshal. How many times would Nelly almost grow wick with weeping when she heard the cruel stories they invented about her.—She was poor, ay, she knew that well! And how many mournful thoughts did the recollection stir in the depths of the inner chamber. How often did she think herself unworthy of his love, and try to drown all thoughts of him in forgetfulness. Ah! that was a painful struggle for thy young heart, Nelly! Thou thought'st it was the will of Him who dwelt on high, and how submissively didst thou bend unto his will! When fever racked thy lover's frame, when all did shun his bedside, Nelly, for fear

of the dread disease, thou stood'st bright and beautiful alone there, Nelly, like a ministering angel, holding the cup of bliss unto his feverish and parched lips! And when he did at last recover and went once more forth into the world, they looked upon thee unkindly, Nelly, instead of crowning thee with gratitude! But a bright day at last arrived. Frank Marshal loved thee, despite all their evils, and swore to make thee his bride. Oh, that indeed was a happy time—thou hadst reached the pinnacle of earthly bliss! How sweetly sang the little birds, how often didst thou and him listen to the warbling of their tiny throats! A morn and eve! Thy heart was filled with gladness, thy soul drank the melody of love!

Poor Nelly! how brief, was her happiness! It was but one short week after they had plighted their mutual faith, that Frank had received orders from his father to prepare for a voyage to France on business of the utmost importance connected with the establishment. A delay of a day would probably ruin them forever. Frank had often wished to visit France, had longed for an opportunity, but now that he must leave her he loved, it became indeed a hardship. Nelly saw he did not wish to leave her, and would picture the many bright scenes he should encounter, with a heart overflowing with loving kindness to make him forget, if possible, the pain of parting. The night before he started away, he plucked a wild rose from a bush, and gave it to her to keep. Will you see if you can keep it till I return? How her heart bounded with joy as she accepted the simple gift, and how she watched and water it when he was sailing over the wide ocean. That night alone within her chamber she fell upon her knees and called God's blessing upon in his name—in her dreams he was ever the bright being before her. Ah, Nelly, thou loved not wisely, but too well!

Weeks rolled by, and at last a letter came stating his safe arrival in Paris, and how well he liked the gay city. She answered it, but never received a line from Frank Marshal. While awaiting for his answer, many a time did she untie the little parcel that contained his last fond epistle, and peruse over and over again, and then replace it with a tear upon her rosy cheek, with the treasures of her heart. Was he sick? No; his sisters received letters from him regularly. Was he coming home shortly and wished to tell her all he had seen himself? What was it that made him act so strangely? She never spoke to his sisters about him, nor they in their letters to him of her. When a dark foreboding would cross her mind, and a tear would spring in her eye, she would chase it away with some merry song that he often loved to hear her sing. One morning as she was sitting in her apartment sewing, and musing with her melancholy thought, Miss Lucy, Frank's eldest sister, (a young lady of boarding school education, by the way,) opened the window, and threw an English paper on the floor, and then ran away laughing heartily. The strange proceeding rather amused than offended Nelly, and seeing it marked, she picked it up with some curiosity to see what it contained. Great God, that shriek! It was the marriage of Frank to the daughter of an English member of Parliament! She sank back into her chair, the color faded from her lips, and she wept in wild paroxysm of grief. A moment more and the terrible blast had passed away—the bright smile that was wont to illumine her face had flown forever! But how calm and beautiful did she look! Oh, may that ever never know what thou art!

Within the quiet depth of woman's soul

The calm, still fortitude which eases to die, E'en without a broken heart—yet can suppress

Each painful morn'g! She loved him yet, ay, with all the passionate ardor of a woman's soul. She loved to read and read again, that first-loved letter, and she drank its contents in, call God's blessing upon his head. She loved to look upon the wild rose given her on the night before his departure, and taste the lingering perfume of the withered flower. She loved to dream of his happiness; she loved all things that spoke of him.

At last a hectic flush appeared upon her cheek—her step was not so light as in days gone by—and hark! that cough! Consumption, dread destroyer, has marked her for an early grave. Methinks I see her now with her pale though lovely face accompanied by her mother in the old meeting house of Rose Valley! 'Ah—often on the rainiest days, When sunshine could not melt the haze, I've gone and found her in her pew. Like a faded rose, embalmed in dew.

Oh lover!—dearer is that rose, Than in the dark of sorrow grows, Than the richest floweret Fashion bears The grandest gem that grandeur wears.

Could I but warmest in my breast, This troubled heart at last might rest, Gladly I'd give the imperial flower, That's charmed me many a wasted hour!

But no, she was soon to journey to her long home, where sorrow never enters and where all is joy and happiness. Death had marked her for his own. It was a beautiful evening in the fall of the year, just six months after the death of Frank Marshal, that window Gray sat by the bedside of her dying girl—her cheek was tinged with the breathless brightness, and the blue veins were plainly visible in her delicate hands.

'Oh, mother, mother, do not cry! The young girl murmured; 'we have loved a happy and now in parting—oh, don't let me go!'

'My child, you are weak and faint, do not worry yourself by talking,' half-whispered the widow Gray.

'I have but little time to stay, mother—I have strength to talk. Tell him, she continued, 'that the wild rose from the leaves of the bay, still him that I have always loved; I love him now and forgive him with my whole heart!'

A gentle breeze saw the sigh of an angel spring up, and as he kissed the bible by her side the withered flower took life, and with her spirit toward flew into the azure vault of heaven!

A classic tombstone mark the spot of her repose in the old village churchyard. It bears this simple inscription:

TO THE MEMORY OF NELLY GRAY WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE IN HER 18TH YEAR.

Three years (month the day of her death) Hiram Marshal was a bankrupt. Frank had separated from his wife, and was one wanderer in Europe. There were none who visit the grave of Nelly Gray, without being surprised into a tear.

It is reported that a boy in Vermont gives so fast that his clothes get too short before he can put them on and that he has lately grown three inches through the crown of his hat.

A Western editor lately turned off his readers with the plea, 'that he had been to build sheep to sheer trousers to patch and burn to weed.'

A Goon 'em.—The following conundrum is the best we have seen for some time though we cannot name the author. What was John of Arc made of?—she was maid of New Orleans.

A Vegetable Conversation. Done up in away from its former self which remains short meat-er.—'Wont you have some of the devil-ed crab!' said a friend of ours, the other day to a wag at dinner.

'No, I thank you: I am rather disposed to be pious to-day, seizing a hugh piece of pastry as he spoke.

'Then you are not up to 'greens!' asked one across the table, handing over a dish of that article.

'That idea was cabbage-ed from me,' said another, still passing up the dishes.

'Cease your clam-or gentlemen, I pray,' exclaimed the one thus assailed.

'You have gotten yourself quite in a pickle,' remarked a said somebody at the head of the table, handing him a plate of mangoes.

'All the wits are mustard against you,' remarked another, handing him the mustard.

'I don't mind it, gentlemen I was bread to it,' replied he.

'So I should think from the ready manner in which you hatch-up your replies put in the first speaker pressing the castor closer to him.

'Is there anything at steak in that conversation enquired a sporting gentleman present.

'Declare you are all insufferably savage-ey retorted this victim of humor.

'That's the cream of the joke' cried out two at once.

'And now as I began allow me to finish,' wound up the first speaker, setting to upon a plate of fish.

#### A MONEY DIGGER.

An inquisitive Yankee, seeing a laborer employed in digging in a retired spot, inquired what he was digging for? 'I am digging for money!' was the reply. The fact of course was truly and promptly here.

money-digger was visited by three or four redulous fellows, when the following dialogue ensued:

Visitors—We are told that you are digging for money!

Laborer—Well I ain't digging for anything else and if you are wise you had better take hold also.

Visitors—Have you had any luck!

Laborer—First-rate luck. It pays well. No sooner said than done: the four fellows thanking the generous deliver for giving them an invitation to share in his golden prospects doffed coats and went to work in good earnest throwing out many loads of earth till at length getting very tired the following colloquy took place.

Visitors—When did you get any money?

Laborer—Saturday night.

Visitors—How much!

Laborer—Four dollars and a half.

Visitors—That's rather small business.

Laborer—Is pretty well: six shillings a day is the regular price for digging cellars all over town!

The visiting loafers dropped spades and vanished, quite put out with the man who dug money at the rate of six shillings a day!

#### TRANSFORMATION OF LOCUSTS.

In the summer evenings it is common to see upon the trunks of trees, reeds or any upright object, a heavy-looking hump-backed, brown beetle an inch and a half long with a scaly coat, clawed lobster-like legs, and a somewhat dirty aspect which later is easily accounted for by the hole visible in the turf at the foot of the tree, whence he had lately crept. I have sometimes carried them home, and watched with great interest the poor locust 'shuffle off his mortal coil,' or rather earthly 'coil' and emerge into a new world. The first symptom is the opening a small slit which appears in the back of his coat between the shoulders through which as it slowly gapes wider and wider a sickly looking texture is seen protruding and heaving backwards and forwards. Presently a fine square head with two light red eyes has disengaged itself, and in process of time (for the transformation goes on almost imperceptibly) this is followed by the liberation of a portly body and a conclusion after which the brown leggins are pulled off like boots and a pale cream colored weak soft creature very tenderly walks

It is certainly a false notion that a lawyer has any higher claim to respectability—generally if you please—than a tanner a shoemaker a goldsmith a painter a printer or a soldier. It is the fault of the mechanic if he takes the place not assigned him by the government and institutions of his country. He is of the lower orders only when he is self-degraded by the ignorance and coarse manners which are associated with manual labor in countries where society is divided into castes, and have therefore come to be considered inseparable from it. Rely upon it, it is not so. The old barriers are down. Time has come when 'being mechanics' we may appear on 'laboring days' as well as holidays without the 'sign of profession.'—Talent and worth are the only eternal grounds of distinction. To those the Almighty has affixed his everlasting patent of nobility and these it is which make the bright 'immortal names' to which our children may aspire as well as others. But we must secure by our own efforts the elevations which are accessible to all.

Was it a Miracle?—A correspondent of the New York Mirror, writing from Rockaway, Long Island, July 22, relates a singular circumstance as follows:—

At an elevation of some five and twenty degrees from the horizon, and in a direction about S. S. E. from where I sat, I perceived dimly traced on the arched canopy a spirral movement like minute column of smoke curling downwards. Startled and puzzled at so curious a phenomenon, I looked about me for a moment, to assure myself that I was not dreaming, and then carefully examining the object that first surprised me, I saw with perfect distinctness the undulating waves of the ocean bearing a tiny vessel reversed and on fire! In other words, without seeking for any discovery what I have often read about & so much longed to see, I beheld a reflection of the water at a distance beyond the line of horizon, and shows all objects floating on its face reversed, or top downwards! I held my breath for a time, and gazed at this exciting spectacle in speechless wonder and admiration until so nervous did I get that it was out from my view, and when after an interval of some fifteen minutes the cloud passed over, the smoke, the vessel, and the sea itself, had all disappeared. If I were a poet, I think I could do up some very telling verses on this new theme; on the one hand, representing the facts as no one but a poet can describe; and on the other, speculating as no one but a poet can speculate in the name of country, history, and fate of the luckless barque and her crew.

It is a curious coincidence, says the Mirror; that on Monday of last week the schooner Manton, trading between Washington, S. C., and Boston was destroyed by fire. A Baltimore pilot boat fell in with her, and rescued the crew.

Pretty Fair.—An Irishman in writing a letter to a sweetheart asking whether she would accept of his love or not writes thus:—If you don't love me please send back the letter without breaking the seal!

Sidney Smith once said to a chapter of Bishops who talked of paving some court. 'On put your heads together and you can do it.'

The shortest man ever heard of was one who had to get on a chair to tie his shoes.

Thieves and pickpockets are said generally to be opposed to the 'right of search.'

An Odd Fellow—one who pays the punier.

Decidedly a Marrying Man.—The Union Gazette cautions the Ladies against one Hiram N. Barnes as he has already had 5 wives. Being a better by trade it seems Mr. B's influence is falling.—Ex Paper

It may be so but he deserves a good whipping for it and ought to be 'bound over.'

The New York Spirit of the Times tells a good story as follows.—Fancy a handsome single man fully six feet high and well proportioned with a reputation politically as well as morally it was important for him to maintain travelling in the stage coach in the western part of the state of New York and having with him per hazard a *compagnons de voyage* a gentleman and his pretty wife. They stop for the night. The chambers as then not uncommon were formed in one large room by paper screens not quite reaching to the ceiling serving as partitions between them. The repose of our hero was interrupted not a little to his surprise by the lady's attempting to get into his bed.—'All hail of my bed!' said our hero 'but if you will take my advice you will go to the bed of your husband.' Advice was never taken more quickly the lady vanished—and I suppose was more cautious thereafter. I never heard the subject referred to by the police or that it led to any consequences so far as they are concerned.

A SAILOR ALL OVER.—An eye witness tells us the following: A few days since a jolly old man fully six feet high and well proportioned with a reputation politically as well as morally it was important for him to maintain travelling in the stage coach in the western part of the state of New York and having with him per hazard a *compagnons de voyage* a gentleman and his pretty wife. They stop for the night. The chambers as then not uncommon were formed in one large room by paper screens not quite reaching to the ceiling serving as partitions between them. The repose of our hero was interrupted not a little to his surprise by the lady's attempting to get into his bed.—'All hail of my bed!' said our hero 'but if you will take my advice you will go to the bed of your husband.' Advice was never taken more quickly the lady vanished—and I suppose was more cautious thereafter. I never heard the subject referred to by the police or that it led to any consequences so far as they are concerned.

The downward course of train has lately been defined to be falling off the top of a three story building into a pile of bricks.

The most treacherous glass in nature is a glass of brandy—it reflects back DEATH instead of your own image.

An exchange paper says a gentleman returning home the other day found a new and somewhat original attachment to his wife's piano. It was put on by the Sheriff.

Funny.—A southern editor declares upon his honor that he recently saw a loafer fall over the shadow of a lamp post in trying to catch a lightning bug to light his cigar.

Waiting to be taught by experience is equivalent to locking the stable after the stud is stolen.

The 'safest lecture' we ever heard was from the top of a eyemore tree.

The following is a part of the super-scription upon a letter now in Worcester Post Office addressed to a lady:—

Dont Let Noperson have this Letter but hir Self She is A large Woman if She Dont Call Dont Let it Go!

Nones more impudently suffer injuries than those who are most forward in doing them.